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Hundred Word Stories



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Chapter 1 by Madeline Of Elves

I knelt on the wilted, graying grass, staring at the onyx tombstone with dead eyes. A thin mist swirled around me, weaving through the once bright flowers that lay near the open grave. A cold, wrinkled hand fell heavily on my shoulder, making me turn. There stood a woman in a ragged dress, her papery-white skin close to bursting from the pressure of her throbbing blue veins. Her pure black eyes were wide and unblinking. Her jaw unhinged and she let out a blood-curdling scream of pain. I smiled, strangely calm.

"Hello, Momma. Aren't you glad to be alive again?"

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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